THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

PART XI. DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF

DOMBEY AND SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND FOR EXPORTATION. BY CHARLES DICKERS.

The Wooden Midshipman Gots to Piece.

However Captain Cuttle, as the weeks flew over him in his fortified retreat, by no means abated any of his prudent provisions against surprise, because of the non-appearance of the enemy. The Captain argued that his present security was too profound and wouderful to endure much longer; he knew that when the wind stood in a fair quarter, the weathercock was soldom aniled there. , the weathercock was seldom nailed there, the was too well acquainted with the deter-ned and danutless character of Mrs. Mac Stinger

He felt that it could not be done He saw himself, in his mind's eye, put meekly into a hackney
coach, and carried off to his old lodgings. He fore
saw that, once immured there, he was a lost man;
his hat gone; Mrs Mac Stinger watchful of him
day and night; reproaches heaped upon his head,
before the infant family; himself the guilty object
of suspicion and distrust; an ogre in the children's
eyes, and in their mother's a detected traitor.
A violent perspiration, and a lowness of spirits,
always came over the Captain as this gloomy picture presented itself to his imagination. It generally did so previous to his stealing out of doors at
night for air and exercise. Sensible of the risk he

night for air and exercise. Sensible of the risk he rau, the Captain took leave of Rob, at those times, with the solemnity which became a man who

ons on his mind:
"Now, my lad, stand by! If ever I'm took—"
"Took, Captain!" interposed Rob, with his
ound eyes wide open.
"Ah!" said Captain Cuttle darkly, "if ever I dritted there, promiscuous. If I answer in that time, you sheer off, my lad, and come back four and twenty hours afterward; if I answer in another tune, do you stand off and on, and wait till I throw out larther signals. Do you understand them orders

What am I to stand off and on of, Captain?

tain, eyeing him sternly, "as don't know his own native alphabet! Go away a bit and come back again alternate—d'ye understand that?"
"Yes, Captain," said Rob.
"Very good, my lad, then," said the Captain, releating. "Do it!"

leating. "Do it!"
That he might do it the better, Captain Cuttle That he might do it the better, Captain Cuttle sometimes condescended, of an evening after the shop was shut, to rehearse this scene: retiring into the parlor for the purpose, as into the lodgings of a supposititious Mac Stinger, and carefully observing the behavior of his ally, from the hole of capial he had cut in the wall. Rob the Grinder discharged himself of his duty with so much exact ness and judgment, when thus put to the proof, that the Captain presented him, at divers times, with seven sixpences, in token of satisfaction; and gradually folt stealing over his spirit the resignation of a man who had made provision for the worst, and taken every reasonable precaution against an unrelenting fate.

Nevertheless, the captain did not tempt ill-fortune, by being a whit more venturesome than before. Though he considered it a point of good breeding in himself, as a general friend of the family, to attend Mr. Dombey's wedding, (of which he had heard from Mr. Perch, and to show that gentleman a pleasant and approving countenance from

hackney cabriolet with both windows up, and might have scrupled even to make that venture, in his dread of Mrs. Mac Stinger, but that the lady's attendance on the ministry of the Reverend Mel-chisedeck rendered it peculiarly unlikely that she would be found in communion with the Establish

the ordinary routine of his new life, without encoun-tering any more direct alarm from the enemy, than was suggested to him by the daily bonnets in the the ordinary routine of his new life, without encountering any more direct alarm from the enemy, than was suggested to him by the daily bonnets in the street. But other subjects began to lie heavy on the Captain's mind. Walter's ship was still on heard of. No news came of old Sol Gills. Florece did not even know of the old man's disappearance, and Captain Cuttle had not the heart to tell her. Indeed, the Captain, as his own hopes of the generous, handsome, gallant hearted youth, whom he had loved, according to his rough manner, from a child, began to fade, and faded more and more from day to day, shrunk with instinctive pain from the thought of exchanging a word with Florence. If he had had good news to carry to her, the honest Captain would have braved the newly decorated touse and splendid furniture—though these, connected with the lady he had seen at Church, were awful to him—and made his way into her presence. With a dark horizon gathering sround their common hopes, however, that darkened every hour, the Captain almost felt as if he were a new misfortune and affliction to her; and was scarcely less sirals a visit from Florence, than from Mrs. Mac String wherealf.

It was a chill, dark autumn evening, and Cap-

ittle back parlor, now more than ever lake the little back parlor, now more than ever lake the little back parlor, now more than ever lake the little back parlor, now more than ever lake the morting at daybreak he went over the side, "said the Captain," and the Captain, "and the Ca ain Cuttle had ordered a fire to be amount in the intle back parlor, now more than ever like the cabin of a ship. The rain fell fast, and the wind cabin of a ship.

"I should think so," chuckled Mr. Toots.

"Then all I need observe, is," said the Captain, washercock of a midebipman, with a telescope at his eye, once visible from the street, but long bricked out creaked and complained upon his rusty pives as the shrill blast spun him round and round, and sported with him cruelly. Upon the Captain's coarse blue vest the cold rain-drops started like

"I should think so," chuckled Mr. Toots.

"Then all I need observe, is," said the Captain, washed the Captain, and are chartered by a long train of the street, but long bricked out creaked and complained upon his rusty and requested the favor of his friendship.

"Upon my word and honor," said Mr. Toots.

"Then all I need observe, is," said the Captain, and dreadfully sorry. Upon my word I am dreadfully sorry. Upon my word and honor," said Mr. Toots.

"Then all I need observe, is," said the Captain.

"that you know a angel, and are chartered by a long transported with the party. Do you think miss Dombey will be very much silved the favor of his friendship.

"Upon my word and honor," said Mr. Toots.

"Upon my word and honor," said Mr. Toots.

"Why. Lord love you," returned the Captain, with a sequality sorry. Upon my word I am dreadfully sorry. Upon my dread with the party. Do you think miss Dombey will be very much objected to you if was not account the sound in the captain.

"Upon my word and honor." I should think so," chartened by a mand the sound in the sound in

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1847.

BY GREELRY & MCELRATH

the wreaths of vapor that curied upward from his lips; but there was not so much as an atom of the rust of Hope's anchor in either. He tried a glass of grog, but melancholy truth was at the hottom of that well, and he couldn't finish it. He made a turn or two in the shop, and locked for Hope among the instruments; but they obstinately worked out reckenings for the missing ship, in spite of any opposition he could offer, that ended at the bottom of the lone sea.

The wind still rushing, and the rain still pattering, against the closed shutters, the Captain brought to before the wooden Midshipman upon the counter, and thought, as he dried the little officer's uniform with his aleeve, how many years the Midshipman had seen, during which hew changes—hardly any—had transpired among his ship's company, how the changes had come all together one day, as it might be; and of what a sweeping kind they were. Here was the little society of the back parlor broken up, and scattered far and wide. Here was no audience for Lovely Peg, even if there had been anybody to sing it, which there was not for the Captain was as morally certain that nobody but he could execute that ballad, as he was that he had not the spirit, under existing circumstances. he could execute that balled, as he was that he had not the spirit, under existing circumstances, to attempt it. There was no bright face of "Walr" in the house,—here the Captain transferred his sleeve for a moment from the Midshipman's uniform to his own cheek:—the familiar wig and buttons of Sol Gills were a vision of the past; Richard Whittington was knocked on the head; and every plan and project, in connexion with the Midship man, lay dritting, without mast or rudder, on the

As the Captain, with a dejected face, stood revolving these thoughts, and polishing the Midshipman, partly in the tenderness of eld acquaint ance, and partly in the absence of his mind, a knocking at the shop door communicated a frightful start to the frame of R-b the Grinder, seated on the counter, whose large eyes had been intently fixed on the Captain's face, and who had been debating within himself, for the five hundredth time, whether the Captain could have done a marder, that he had such an evil conscience, and was always running

"Somebody sknuckles, Captain," answered Rob he Grinder. The Captain, with an abashed and guilty air, imthe Grinder.

The Captain, with an abashed and guilty air, immediately sneaked on tip toe to the little parlor and locked nimself in. Rob, opening the door, would have parleyed with the visiter on the threshold if the visiter had come in female gaine; but the figure being of the male sex, and Rob's orders only applying to women, Rob held the door open add allowed it to enter; which it did very quickly, glad to get out of the driving rain.

"A job for Burgess & Co. at any rate," said the visiter, looking over his shoulder compassionately at his own legs, which were very wet and covered with splashes. "Oh, how de do, Mr. Gills?"

The salutation was addressed to the Captain. Toots, as the discovery flashed upon him, "you, you know!"

The Captain glanced at the newspaper in Mr. Toots, as the newspap

"Thankee," the gentleman went on to say in the same breath; "I'm very well indeed, myself, I'm much obliged to you. My name is Toots—

The Captain, with responsive gravity and mystery, immediately waved his hook toward the little parlor, whither Mr. Toots followed him.

"Oh! I beg your pardon though," said Mr. Toots, looking up in the Captain's face as he sat down in a chair by the fire, which the Captain placed for him; "you don't happen to know the Chicken at all; do you, Mr. Gills?"

"The Chicken?" said the Captain.

"The Game Chicken," said Mr. Toots.
The Captain shaking his head, Mr. Toots ex-

The Captain shaking his head, Mr. Toots explained that the man alluded to was the celebrated public character who had covered himself and his

him sit in the shop with your young man, chuck-led Mr. Toots, "I should be glad; because, you know he's easily offended, and the damp's rather bad for his stamina. I'll call him in, Mr. Gills."

With that, Mr. Toots repairing to the shop door,

pieces of straw on which he was regaling himself, and took in a fresh supply from a reserve he carried

inhis hand.
"There an't no drain of nothing short handy, is

condition."

Captain Cuttle proffered a glass of rum, which the Chicken, throwing back his head, emptied into himself, as into a cask, after proposing the brief sentiment "Towards us!" Mr. Toots and the Captain-returning then to the parlor, and taking their seats before the fire, Mr. Toots began

" Mr. Gills-"
" Awast!" said the Captain. "My name's Cut-

tle."
Mr. Toots looked greatly disconcerted, while the

tain.
"I should think so," chuckled Mr. Toots.

friend at old Blimber's, and would have been now, if he 'd have lived. The Chicken," said Mr. Toots. there's not a move he is not up to, everybody says so—but I don't know—he's not everything. So she is an angel. Captain. If there is an angel anywhere, it's Miss Dombey. That is what I've always said. Heally, though, you know, "said Mr. Toots, "I should be very much obliged to you if you describe the said of the said

You'd cultivate my acquaintance."

Captain Cuttle received this proposal in a polite manner, but still without committing himself to its acceptance; merely observing. "Aye, aye, my lad. We shall see, we shall see," and reminding Mr.

We shall see, we shall see, "and reminding Mr.
Toots of his immediate mission, by inquiring to what
he was indebted for the honor of that visit.
"Why, the fact is," replied Mr. Toots, "that it's
the young woman I come from. Not Miss Dombey
—Susan, you know.
The Captain nodded his head once, with a grave

The Captain nodded his head once, with a grave expression of face, indicative of his regarding that young woman with serious respect.

"And I il tell you how it happens," said Mr. Toots. "You know I go and call sometimes on Miss Dombey. I don't go there on purpose, you know, but I happen to be in the neighborhood very often; and when I find myself there, why—why, I call."

Nat'rally," observed the Captain "Yes." said Mr. Toots. "I called this afternoon. Upon my word and honor. I don't think it's possible to form an idea of the angel Miss Dombey was this

but was quite so to him.

"As I was coming out," said Mr. Toots, "the young woman, in the most unexpected manner. took me into the pantry."

The Captain seemed for the moment, to object to this proceeding; and leaning back in his chair, looked at Mr. Toots with a distrustful, if not threat-

ng visage. Where she brought out," said Mr. Toots, " this

was in it. about somebody that she and hombey used to know; and then she read the passage to me. Very well. Then she said—wait a minute what was it, she said though!"

Mr. Toots, endeavouring to concentrate his mental powers on this question, unintentionally fixed the Captain's eye, and was so much discomposed by its stern expression, that his difficulty in resum-ing the thread of his subject was enhanced to a

"Oh I' said Mr. Tooks after son consideration."

"Oh ah! Yes! She said that she hoped there was a bare possibility that it mightn't be true; and that as she couldn't very well come outherself, with out surprising Miss Dombey, would I go down to Mr. Solomon Gills the Instrument Maker's in this

l length by Mrs. Mac Stinger, shook his head.
Shall I read the passage to you?" inquired Mr.

The Captain making a sign in the affirmative Mr. Toots read as follows, from the Shipping Intel

I'm much obliged to you. My name is roots.

Mister Toots."

The Captain remembered to have seen this young gentleman at the wedding, and made him a bow. Mr. Toots replied with a chuckle; and being embarrassed, as he generally was, breathed hard, shook hands with the Captain for a long time, and then falling on Rob the Grinder, in the absence of any other resource, shook hands with him in a most affectionate and cordial manner.

"I say! I should like to speak a word to you, Mr. Gills, if you please," said Toots at length, with surprising presence of mind. "I say! Miss D. O. M. you know!"

My of solding with responsive gravity and myster in the speak and the falling over them. "Aye!" cried the Captain, striking his elenched hand on the table. "Heave a head my lad!" challenge at the Cuptain, "and longitude so and so, the look out observed, half an hour before sunset, some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments of a wreck, drilting at about the some fragments.

the main rigging of an English brig, of about five hundred tons burden, together with a portion of the stern en which the words and letters. Son and H were yet plainly legible. No vestige of any dead body was to be seen upon the floating fragments up in the night, the wreck was seen no me There can be no doubt that all surmises as t

country with glory in his contest with the Nobby Shropshire One; but this piece of information did not appear to enlighten the Captain very much.

"Because he's outside: that's all." said Mr. Toots. "But it's of no consequence; he won't get very wet, perhaps."

"I can pass the word for him in a moment," said the Captain.

"Well, if you would have the goodness to let him sit in the shop with your young man," chuck.

"At Toots, like a man entranced, then suddenses to let him sit in the shop with your young man," chuck.

afterward, he sat with his gaze fixed on the modest Mr. Toots, like a man entranced, then suddenly rising and putting on his glazed hat, which, in his visiter's honor, he had laid upon the table, the Captain turned his back and bent his head down on the little chimney-piece.

"Oh, upon my word and honor," cried Mr. Toots, whose tender heart was moved by the Captain's unexpected distress, "this is a most wretched sort of affair this world is! Somebody's always dying, or going and doing something uncomfortable in it. I'm sure I never should have looked forward so much, to coming into my property, if I had known this. I never saw such a world. It's a great deal worse than Blimber's."

orse than Blimber's."
Captain Cuttle, without altering his position. signed to Mr. Toots not to mind him, and presently turned round, with his glazed hat thrust back upon his cars and his hand composing and smooth-

upon his ears and his hand composing and smoothing his brown face.

"Wal'r my dear lad," said the Captain, "farewell! Wal'r my child, my boy, and man, I loved
you! He warn't my flesh and blood," said the
Captain, looking at the fire—"I an't got none—but
something of what a father feels when he loses a
son, I feel in losing Wal'r. For why!" said the
Captain, "Because it an't one loss, but a round doween. Where "that there young schoolboy with the Captain, "Because it an't one loss but a round do-zen. Where sthat there young schoolboy with the rosy face and curly hair, that used to be as merry in this here parlor, come round every week, as a piece of music! Gone down with Walr. Where's piece of music? Gone down with Wal?. Where's that there fresh lad, that nothing couldn't tire nor put out, and that sparkled up and blushed so, when we joked him about Heart's Delight, that he was beautiful to look at? Gone down with Wal?. Where's that there man's spirit, all affire, that wouldn't see the old man hove down for a minute, and cared nothing for itself? Gone down with Wal?. It an't one Wal?. There was a dozen Wal'rs that I know'd and loved, all holding round his neck when he went down, and they're a holding round mine now!

Mr. Toots sat silent: folding and refolding the

Mr. Toots sat silent: folding and refolding the newspaper as small as possible upon his knee.

"And Sol Gilla," said the Captain, gazing at the fire, "poor neryless old Sol, where are you got to! you was left in charge of me; his last words was. Take care of my uncle; What came over you. Sol, when you went and gave the go bye to Ned Cottle; and what am I to put in my accounts that he's a looking down upon, respecting you! Sol Gills, Sol Gills" said the Captain, shaking his head slowly, "catch sight of that there newspaper, away from home, with no one as know'd Wal'r by, to say a word; and broadside to you broach, and down you pitch, head-foremost!"

Drawing a heavy sigh, the Captain turned to Mr. Toots, and roused himself to a sustained consciousness of that gentleman's presence.

"My lad," said the Captain "you must tell the young woman honeatly that this here fatal news is

R. and bade him cheer up. Thankee Captain Gills," said Mr. Toots, suppose me to be happy; but I'm wretched. I suffer for Miss Dombey. Captain Gills. I can tget through my meals: I have no pleasure in my failor. I often cry when I'm alone. I assure you it'll be a satisfaction to me to come back to-morrow, or

Mr. Toots, with these words shoots he captain a hand, and disguised such traces of his agitation as could be disguised on so short a notice, before the Chicken's penetrating glance, rejoined that eminent gentleman in the shop. The Chicken, who was apt to be jealous of his ascendancy, eyed

and long after there was no lire to look at, the Cap-tain sat gazing on the rusty bars, with unavailing thoughts of Walter and old Sol crowding through his mind. Retirement to the stormy chamber at the top of the house brought no rest with it; and the Captain rose up in the morning, sorrowful and unrefreshed.

As soon as the city offices were opened, the Cap-

and the captain rose up in the management of Dombey and Son. But there was no opening of the Midshipman's windows that morning. Hob the Grinder, by the Captain's orders, left the shutters closed, and the house was a house of death.

It chanced that Mr. Carker was entering the office, as Captain Cuttle arrived at the door. Receiving the Manager's benison gravely and silently. Captain Cuttle made-bold to accompany him into his own room.

Well, Captain Cuttle," said Mr. Carker, taking

up his usual position before the fire-place, and keeping on his hat, "this is a bad business." esterday, Sir !" said the Captain.

"Yes," said Mr. Carker, "we have received it!
It was accurately stated. The under writers suffor a considerable loss. We are very sorry. No
help! Such is life!"
Mr. Carker pared his nails delicately with a penhnife, and smiled at the Captain, who was standing
by the door looking at him.

"I excessively regret poor Gay," said Carker.
"and the crew. I understand there were some of
our very best men among 'em. It siways happens
so. Many men with families too. A comfort to refleet that poor Gay had no family, Captain, Cuttle!"
The Captain stood rubbing his chin, and looking
at the Manager. The Manager glanced at the unopened letters lying on his desk, and took up the

and expressive glance at the door.

I wish you could set my mind at rest. Sir, on something it's uneasy about," returned the Cap-

Come. Captain Cuttle. I must tro uick, if you please. I am much engaged."
"Looke'e here, Sir," said the Captain, advancing step. "Afore my friend Wal'r went on this here

"Come, come, Captain Cattle," interposed the smiling Manager, "don't talk about disastrous voyages in that way. We have nothing to do with disastrous voyages here, my good fellow. with disastrous voyages here. My good they you must have began very early on your day's allowance, Captain, if you don't remember that there are nazards in all voyages, whether by sea or land. You are not made uneasy by the supposition that young what's his name was loat in bad weather that was got up against him in these offices—are you! Fie. Captain! Sleep, and soda-water, are the best cores for such uneasiness as

My lad," returned the Captain, slowly-My lad, returned the Captain, slowly— you are a most a lad to me, and so I don't ask your pardon for that slip of a word,—if you find any pleasure in this here sport, you an't the gentleman I took you for. And if you an't the gentleman I took you for may be my mind has call to be uneasy. Now this is what it is, Mr. Carker.—Afore took you for. And it you are took you for. And it you have a call to be uneasy. Now this is what it is, Mr. Carker.—Afore that poor lad went away, according to orders, he told me that he warn't going away for his own good or for promotion, he know'd. It was my belief that he was wrong, and I told him so, and I come here, your head governor being absent, to ask a question or two of you in a civil way, for my own satisfaction. Them questions you answered—free. Now it Il ease my mind to know, when all is over, as it is, and when what can't be cured must be endoored—for which, as a scholar, you'll overhaul the book it's in, and thereof make a note—to know once more, in a word, that I warn't mistaken, that I warn't back'ard in my duty when I didn't tell the old man what Wal'r told me; and that the wind was truly in his sail when he highsted of it for Barbadoes Harbor. Mr. Carker, said the Captain, in the goodness of his nature, "when I was bere last, we was very pleasant together. If I ain't been altogether so pleasant myself this morning, on account of this poor lad, and if I have chafed again any observation of yours that I might have fended off, my name is Ed'ard Cuttle, and I ask your pardon.

"Carvain Cuttle," returned the Manager, with

your pardon.

"Captain Cuttle," returned the Manager, with all possible politeness, "I must ask you to do me

"And what is it, Sir!" inquired the Captain.
"To have the goodness to walk off, if you please."
rejoined the Manager, stretching forth his arm.
"and to carry your jargon somewhere else."
Every knob in the Captain's face turned white
with astonishment and indignation; even the red
rim on his forehead faded, like a rainbow among
the gathering clouds.
"I tell you what. Captain Cuttle," said the Manager, shaking his forefinger at him, and showing
him all his teeth, but still amiably smiling. "I was
much too lenient with you when you came here behim all his teeth, but still amiably smiling. "I was much too lenient with you when you came here before. You belong to an artful and audachous set of people. In my desire to save young what's-his-aame from being kicked out of this place, neek and crop, my good Captain, I tolerated you, but for cace, and only once. Now go, my friend!"

The Captain was absolutely rooted to the ground and speechless.

The Captain was absolutely rooted to the ground and speechless.

"Go," said the good humored Manager, gathering up his shirts, and standing astride upon the hearth-rug, "like a sensible fellow, and let us have no turning out, or any such violent measures. If Mr. Dombey were here, Captain, you might be obliged to leave in a more ignominious manner, possibly. I merely say, go!"

The Captain, laying his ponderous hand upon his chest, to assist himself in fetching a deep breath, looked at Mr. Carker from head to foot, and looked round the little room, as if he did not clearly understand where he was, or in what company.

"You are deep, Captain Cuttle," pursued Carker, with the easy and vivacious frankness of a man of the world who knew the world too well to be raffled by any discovery of misdoing, when it did not immediately concern himself, "but you are not quite out of soundings, either—neither you nor your absent friend, Captain. What have you done with your absent friend, bey ?"

Again the Captain laid his hand upon his chest. After drawing another deep breath, he conjured himself "stand by!" But in a whisper.

councils, and make nice little appointments. Sur-receive nice little visitors too, Captain, hey! "said Carker, bending his brows upon him, without show-ing his teeth any the less: "but it's a bold measure to come here afterward. Not like your discretion! You conspirators, and hiders, and runnersaway, should know better than that. Will you oblige me

"My lad," gasped the Captain, in a choked and trembling voice, and with a curkous action going on in the ponderous fist; "there a a many words I could wish to say to you, but I don't rightly know where they re stowed just at present. My young friend Wall, was drowned only last night, according to my reckoning, and it puts may out you see.— But you and me will come alongside o' one another again, my lad," said the Captains holding up his hook. "If we live."

"It will be anything but shrewd in you, my good fellow, if we do," returned the Manager, with the

"It will be anything but shrewed in you my selection, if we do," returned the Manager, with the same frankness." for you may ret, I give you fair warning upon my detecting and exposing you. I don't pretend to be a more moral man than my neighbors, my good Captain: but the confidence of this house, or of any member of this house, is not to be abused and undermined white I have types and Good day!" said Mr. Carker, nodding his

Counting house, at the desk where he knew poor Walter had been used to sit, now occupied by another young boy, with a face almost as frees and hopeful as his on the day when they tapped the famous last bottle but one of the old Madeira. In the little back parlor. The association of ideas, bus

awakened, did the Captaina great deal of good to softened him in the very hight of his anger, and brought the tears into his eyes.

Arrived at the Wooden Midshipman's sgain, and sitting down in a corner of the dark shop, the Cap-tain's indignation, strong as it was, could make no head against his grief. Passion seemed not only to

The only thing the honest Captain made out clearly, in this state of mind, bearde the loss of Walter, was, that with him almost the whole world

ry of poor Waiter, as he felt within his power.—
Rousing himself, and rousing Rob the Grinder who
in the unnatural twilight was fast asleep, the Captain sallied forth with his attendant at his heels,
and the door key in his pocket, and repairing to
one of those convenient slopselling establishments
of which there is abundabl choice at the eastern
end of London, purchased on the spot two suits of
mourning—one for Rob the Grinder, which was
immensely too small, and one for himself, which
was immensely too small, and one for himself, which
is usually termed a sou'wester; and which was
something of a novelty in connexion with the instrument business. In their several garments,
which the vendor declared to be such a miracle in
point of fit as nothing but a rare combination of
fortuitous circumstances ever brought about, and
the fashion of which was unparalleled within the
memory of the oldest inhabitant, the Captain and
Grinder immediately arrayed themselves; per
senting a spectacle franght with wonder to all who
beheld it.

In this altered form, the Captain received Mr.
Toots. "I'm took aback, my lad, at present," said
the Captain, "and will only confirm that there ill
news. Tell the young woman to break it gentleto
the young lady, and for neither of em never to think
of me no more— special, mind you, that is—though
of will think of them, when night comes on a burricame and seas is mountains rowling; for which overtone of the free Trade the sympony mous terms—that the Cobe
and plenty were to be synonymous terms—that the Cobe
and plenty were to be synonymous terms—that the Cobe
and plenty were to be synonymous terms—that the Cobe
and plenty were to be synonymous terms—that the Captawer was to experienced three oloves that the cloave two had the would be the content when the subject of free Trade, he especial and helpoty as the cluster was required to extend beyond all bounds the prospects was required to extend beyond all bounds the prospect was required to extend beyond all bounds the prospect was req Rousing himself, and rousing Rob the Grinder (who

tor of Shrist's Church, in New Oriesse, is \$6,000, with a promised increase, boolds the usual perquisites of his station. The salary of the Professorship in the University of Louisians, to which he has been elected, has not yet been fand, but it will, so doubt, be a liberal one, and less than \$10,000 per annum. Pretty fair for a minister of Him who had not where to lay his head.

ous Liberty-Defent of Macanlay-Post Office Arrangements between France and England-French and English Atlantic

WHOLE NO. 1982.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

London, August 3, 1837.

The prorogation and dissolution of Parliament and the elections, have occupied the attention of politikeep the whole country in a feverish state, and although the result of the great battle is not yet known, yet thus far there is a considerable gain on

thrown out at the commencement of the political from less influential persons. The Peel manifesto

made against him. As a Minister of the Crown it was said that he ought not to have been a candidate isw to take his seat in the House of Commons. He re-ferred to Baron Rothschild, but Lord John Russell said for givil disqualification. The Fremier then referred to

I will think of them, when night comes on a hurricane and seas in smouthinar rough, for which two parts had your blocker Water. Border, and when found the comes of the comes

clude with the following proposition:

With a copy of this Report let, the dispatch be returned to the Government, because in the present situation of the affair, it comes within the cognizance, with the restriction which are established by the fundamental code of the Expublic.

LAFRAGUA. Masses, 13th July, 1847.

The report being submitted to Congress underwent a discussion and the vote being taken upon it it was approved the same day. Upon the motion of Sefor Canas, it was ordered that the report should be published as well as the vote upon it. We add the yeas and nays upon its adoption for the benefit of those familiar with Mexican poli-

Parada, Ramirez, España, Rio, Romero, Senchez Espinose, Urquido, Zelma Abad, y Zubieta—72.

We need hardly say that this report appears to us an authoritative declaration on the part of the most intelligent political party in Mexico in favor of the continuance of the war. It is the declaration of the majority of the present Congress, and of the party, called Moderados, which would prevent in Mexico but for the interposition of the military. The same line of argument which is maintained in the report the Republicano has atrenuously pursued ditherto.

We infer from this report that the embarrassments which have purposely been thrown in the way of negotiations, are sanctioned by the intelligent liberal classes in Mexico; that they were expressly designed to guard against the possible corruption of their leaders, who might be induced to entertain thoughts of a peace. As the report almost in terms alleges, the people have given expression in the law, not so much to an abstract theory of government, as to a general feeling of factors anatomatity—a feeling in favor of the absolute integrity of the Mexican territory at all hazards. The blird obstinacy of the nation to oppose a peace is now definitely incorporated in the law. The Executive has the power by the Constitution to negotiate and prepare a treaty for the sanction of the desiration and prepare a treaty for the sanction of Congress that they are an autentical to the constitution to negotiate and prepare a treaty for the sanction of Congress that they are an autentical to the constitution to negotiate and prepare a treaty for the sanction of Congress that they are an autentical to the constitution to negotiate and prepare a treaty for the sanction of Congress that they are a sanctioned to the constitution to negotiate and prepare a treaty for the sanction of the constitution to negotiate and prepare a treaty for the sanction of the constitution to negotiate the constitution to negotiate the continuance of the nation to a prepare a treaty for the sanction of the c